

Delusive Dainties

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TEXT—Let me not eat of their dainties.—Psalm 141:4.

If the workers of iniquity mentioned in the earlier part of this verse have been driven through necessity to a diet of black bread, then I may readily pass by their table when I can find better fare. Have they discovered that there is poison mixed with their lentils? Then, I am glad to answer soon enough that I do not partake. But dainties?

This is different. Quite likely it is better than the fare to which I am accustomed. To refuse to eat is to reject something pleasant.

And so it is; the line must be drawn between the pleasant, but harmful; and the less pleasant, but holy. The Christian is saved by One and he follows One whose ways fit exactly into this portion of Scripture, for he forfeited the sweet morsels and the elaborate banquets, and accepted the hunger and thirst by the way, leading to the cross.

There are other dainties upon which one may feed besides those which are pleasant to the appetite. Dainties of literature, dainties of apparel, dainties of literature, dainties of abode. Not many people possess all of these at once and few people possess many of them. But Christian people have met the crisis in which they have settled that there are things they are willing to do without. Not only that they have duly considered things they would prefer to do without because over against them is something of greater worth than they all. Happy the man who has fully decided that Lazarus at the gate is richer than the man who fares sumptuously every day. Lazarus has tomorrow stored away in the safety-deposit box of the grace of God, but for the man at whose gate he lies, tomorrow spells everlasting bankruptcy.

The children of Israel "went after the nations that were round about them, concerning whom the Lord had charged them that they should not do like them." (II Kings 17:15.) The Prophet Amos pictures them as a people who "abound in superfluities." Thus they claimed these cheap and perishing things while they turned from the sure covenant and the unfailing providence of God. Through the eye they saw and through the ear they heard and through the lusts of the flesh they went after the delusive sights and songs and deeds exemplified by the idol worshippers in their neighborhood. We must guard against the same sinful tendency today. Since our Lord Jesus Christ paid the entire debt and we receive His grace without money and without price, we must consider that He does not save us that we may lightly regard His will.

Make of it what we may, the Christian is a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth, a pilgrim journeying home and a stranger on a sphere where his Lord was crucified. There is a vast difference between our living in the neighborhood and our allowing the neighborhood, to live its God-defying program in our souls.

What are those dainties when carefully examined? Men risk all for them, but the ardent quest is a delusion. Do they imply indulgence of appetite? What if with it is the sure loss of physical health? Is it that one hungers for fame? What if with the ambition for distinction comes also the betrayal of the most enthusiastic flatterer of all those who urged us on? Did you pay all for beauty? And did you with it become possessor of the virus of incurable disease? But these are only illustrations of the fact that the many dainties of the wicked have fellowships from which they never permanently part company. Happy the day when a man draws the dividing line between good and bad with flaming fire so that to go down to the bad means to him that he would have to pass through the flame.

O, it is great to step over the line that divides between things and Jesus. Just to see Him with the eyes of the heart until the glory of His face shines upon the things men consider dainties and reveals how easily they decay or how quickly they leave us; or how great are the losses they bring with them. But do not begin by trying to cross that line. Begin by receiving Jesus Christ. This moment it may be forbidden dainties, but the next it is, Jesus saves. The forbidden dainties will claim you until you receive Him. What you have may seem all attractive until He is yours.

But I have dainties of which the workers of iniquity cannot partake. Have you never partaken of them? Then come to the feast. They will appear at their full value one day when we who are in bottles of humiliation now, shall find "mortality swallowed up of life." There is the grace of God for us. No earthly field yields it. It brings all the bounty: Love, joy, peace, long suffering, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance! Such dainties! Come to the feast. Drop your loaded basket as if enroute to a picnic, for here "there is enough and to spare." What you can bring will perish; what God provides never fails.

THE BROOM-MORTON REUNION.

Enjoyable Occasion was that of Aug. 4th at Broom-Williams Home.

Words or pen fail us when we try to write-up the Broom-Morton reunion, which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Broom and Mrs. Mary Williams on Friday, Aug. 4th. Mr. and Mrs. Broom and Mrs. Williams live at the place known as the Stokes Stribling old place, near the Richland school house. Every one who knows the place realizes what an ideal place it is for a gathering of any kind; and indeed, truly, this proved to be one of the best reunions we have had, this being the fifth held.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful, and the guests began to arrive quite early and kept coming until about one hundred and thirty were present. After hearty handshakes and greetings of old friends and kinsfolks all assembled around the organ and some good singing was enjoyed. The singing being led by Mr. Morton and Mr. King. After a lot of songs, old and new, had been sung, Rev. Wm. King, of Oakway, was asked to lead in prayer.

About 1 o'clock dinner was spread on the long table, which had been prepared for the occasion. Rev. King returned thanks, and every one was invited to help himself and herself and to make themselves at home, which all did. There was everything on the table that one could wish to satisfy the inner man, with plenty of ice tea, coffee and water to quench the thirst. After all had eaten to their hearts' content there was enough taken up to feed as many more.

After dinner some more good singing was enjoyed. Especially enjoyable were the duets sung by Mr. Morton and Little Miss Cleo King. The time passed all too quickly, and soon the time came to bid each other good-bye and return home. Each one expressed happiness at having been present and hoped to attend many more of these charming reunions.

Thus ended one of the happiest reunions we have had. Although our hearts were made glad to be with friends and loved ones once more we also felt sad and our hearts ached at the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. Mary Duke, sister of Mr. Broom, whom the Lord saw fit to call from this earth since the last reunion was held one year ago. But, then, we are made to think of that great reunion in the skies, where we will not have to part any more.

Those present and enjoying this happy occasion were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Morton and daughter Agnes, Mrs. John Morton and two children, Rennie and Edward; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Morton, Mrs. Melvina White, Mrs. J. R. Earle and son, Richard, Jr., of Walhalla; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Morton and children, Charlie, Romaine, Inez and Irene, and Will Brewer, Seneca; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hindman and baby, Greenville; C. W. Merritt, Cleveland, Ga.; Miles Alexander, Floydale, Texas; Rev. and Mrs. William King and two children, William and Cleo, Oakway; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Cox, Pauline Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Rampey, Miss Ella May Price, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Brown, Anderson; Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Thrasher and children, Nell, Kermit, Eva, Fay and Frank; Miss Nena Fay Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nix and three children, Janette, Hughie and Howard; Mr. and Mrs. Sloan Moore, Christopher Crooks, Claude Skelton, Charlie Griffith, Hughie Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Herd and two children, Mrs. Walter Landreth and son Harold, Mrs. Vandala Landreth, Guy Powell, Ralph Snelgrove, Pelham Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Enteklin and baby, Bonnie Lou; Mrs. Henry Williams and sons, Otis and Eldridge, of Return; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Broom and daughter Minnie, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Moore and baby, Frances; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Morton and two children, Beatrice and Raymond; Mr. and Mrs. Harve Morton and daughter Myra, of Phinney's Station; Mrs. J. E. Gaines and two children, Sallie Ruth and Frank; Miss Pauline Cobb, William Cobb, Mrs. J. A. Lawrence and daughter Mary, Dr. and Mrs. Furman Simpson, Clyde White, Mrs. Cora Dilworth, M. J. Rhoades, Mrs. A. C. Duke and children, Rudolph, Walter, Irene, Pearl, Nell, Ben and Marie, of Westminster; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Broom, Mrs. Mary Williams and children, Roy, Ray, Harold, Rosa Lay, Salome and M. C., Jr.; S. N. Hughes, Misses Ella May and Lillian Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sanders and two children, Corrie and Edna, of Richland; Mr. and Mrs. Furman Brewer and son, Romaine; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Hubbard, Pickett Post; Reld Rice, Miss Effie Rice, Bill Brown, of Townville. If any names

A PUZZLE.

Editor Keowee Courier:

Will you please give me space in your columns for a few lines, recounting a strange occurrence of the recent past?

One day about three weeks ago, one-half mile west of the Sittin Old Mill place at the fork of the Townville and Oakway roads, a little man and a little mule hitched to a buggy came traveling down the hill. He stopped his mule and got out of the buggy. He then stepped back up the road a few steps. He had a rod of iron about two feet long in his right hand and a rock in his left hand. He knelt down on his knees and drove the rod up by the side of an old rotten stump, then laid the rock on top of the iron. He then got up, stood for a moment or two, then knelt down again.

I walked up the road, even with him, and sat down, unknown to him. He wound his hand up in a green bunch of broom straw, placed his right hand upon his breast, and I found that he was talking with the Lord. In a little while I understood him to say, "Oh, God forbid that as many days shall ever pass over my head! Oh, God, give me victory and glory and power to overcome these trials in the future." The prayer was uttered in a low and trembling voice. He then got up, wiped his eyes, turned around and walked up to me and said, "I drove up a corner stone for a memorial at the judgment by that old stump. I made one wrong step. If I could recall that wrong step I would never make it again for any amount of money. That step destroyed the joys of my life, destroyed my prosperity and dissipated my wealth and my health."

He turned his mule and buggy in the road and laid his arm and head upon the back of his buggy for a moment or two, then wiped away his tears again and said, with a trembling voice, "I must go."

I asked him his name, but he has not told me yet. This was a puzzle to me, and is yet. Citizen.

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Union Claims Oldest Woman.

A dispatch from Union, S. C., of recent date says:

As far as can be learned, Union county may easily claim the distinction of having on its enrollment books the oldest lady voter in South Carolina in the person of Mrs. Susan Kirby, who has enrolled at the age of 107.

Mrs. Kirby gets around her home unassisted, and her sight is unusually good, she being able to recognize her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren as they call to see her. Her hearing is also unusually good for one of her age.

Mrs. Kirby is a devout member of the Green Street Methodist church, and attended services regularly up until a few years ago, and in speaking with a correspondent for the papers she said that she recalls having passed through four wars.

Mrs. Kirby said that the family record was destroyed when their old family Bible, which was in a trunk with some clothes, was sunk in the Green river when she and her little sister went on a visit to relatives in North Carolina, and when crossing the river the flat-boat sank.

The trip of ten miles to visit relatives was made in an ox cart, the trip taking up the entire day.

In all probability Mrs. Kirby will be an honor guest at the special meeting to be held to-morrow at 5 o'clock in the high school auditorium when the lady candidates for office will address the women voters of Union.

have been omitted it is by mistake and not intentionally. Guest.

"111"
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They are GOOD!

TWO KILLED IN DARK CORNER

Of Greenville County—Two Others Wounded—Stories Conflict.

Greenville, Aug. 9.—Two conflicting stories of the shooting scrape in which William Howard, 40 years of age, of Glassy Mountain township, and Tom D. Scruggs, 39 years old, of the Fingerville section, were killed, and in which Alexander Suddeth was seriously and probably fatally wounded and Dallas Scruggs, aged ten years, received a flesh wound on Tuesday afternoon some 25 miles to the north of this city, were told today by officers who investigated the affair, and Earle Harrison, 31 years of age, an eye witness, who is in the county jail. Harrison in a statement to newspaper men contradicted the story said to have been told Sheriff Carlos A. Rector last night by Suddeth, and in which Suddeth claims that Howard opened fire on him. Harrison said that Suddeth fired the first shot. Howard, he said, opened fire on Suddeth after the latter had fired at him.

Harrison declared that as soon as the two men opened fire on each other he ran and did not see Scruggs shoot.

"William Howard and I were walking up the road to meet Suddeth, who was to pay Howard some money," said Harrison. "As we came up to where Suddeth and Scruggs were sitting on the side of the road, we noticed a gunny sack near Suddeth, and Howard, in a joking manner, told me to look in the sack and see what Suddeth had. Suddeth told me to go ahead and look if I wanted to. Just as I leaned over and opened the sack Suddeth drew his pistol and opened fire on Howard."

Suddeth Dies of Wounds.

(Greenville News, 11th.)

Allander Suddeth, 26 years old, died early last night in the general hospital at Spartanburg as a result of wounds received Tuesday afternoon in a shooting affray near Glassy Mountain, in which William A. Howard, of the Glassy Mountain section, and Tom D. Scruggs, of Fingerville, were almost instantly killed, and Dallas Scruggs, 10-year-old son of Tom Scruggs, was slightly injured.

Suddeth was taken to the general hospital in Spartanburg immediately after the shooting, and all possible medical attention was given him in the hope of saving his life. The body was brought to Greenville last night and Coroner Vaughn said that he would possibly hold an inquest this afternoon.

Suddeth died as a result of two bullets from a 30-30 calibre rifle passing through his abdomen. Two more bullets struck him in the fight, but the wounds caused by these were only slight. He made no further statement in regard to the shooting. Dallas Scruggs, who sustained only a flesh wound through the shoulder, is still in the hospital in Spartanburg, and will probably be able to get out within a week, it is stated. This will leave Dallas and Earle Harrison as the only eye-witnesses to the shooting.

Harrison, now lodged in the county jail, is held for the death of Tom D. Scruggs. Harrison declares that he had no pistol and did no shooting, but ran as soon as the first shot was fired.

Funeral services for Howard were held Wednesday last in the afternoon in the Glassy Mountain section, while the body of Scruggs was sent to his relatives in Fingerville, where he was buried on Thursday.

Services Called Off; Church Burnt.

Ellenton, S. C., Aug. 10.—Fifteen minutes after a scheduled service had been called off because of very threatening weather conditions, the church was struck by lightning and the structure was completely destroyed by flames. The church was that of the Baptist denomination of this place. The old church altar and Bible were saved.

Thirty million telephone calls are made each day in this country.

DROWNS TRYING TO SAVE GIRLS.

Wyoming Man Loses Life in Chauga Creek While in with Bathers.

Westminster, Aug. 9.—O. Clark Barrus, a native of Flarview, Wyoming, was drowned in Chauga creek, three miles west of Westminster, this afternoon about 3 o'clock.

Barrus was in bathing with several others, and in attempting to rescue some girls who had gotten into deep water he became exhausted and lost his life. It is said that Barrus was a good swimmer. He was teaching the girls how to swim by the use of a plank. Not being familiar with the swimming pool he stepped backward into deep water, and in so doing the plank was lost and the girls drifted into water beyond their heads. The girls were saved, and it is said that some one from the bank jumped in after seeing that the young man was becoming exhausted. Barrus was 21 years of age and was a missionary of the Mormon faith. He was visiting friends in this section. The body was taken to a local undertaking establishment to await instructions from relatives in the far-away State.

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THE BOLL WEEVIL BLUES.

(By W. A. Sheriff, Clayton, Ga.)

When you are lonesome, and feeling so blue,
Just go to the mountains and that will cure you.
I have felt that way, and now I can say,
I went to the mountains and my blues went away.

The blues sure are rough, for I had them enough
Till I know there is no fun in feeling so tough;
When the blues got yau, if you will stop and think,
You will leave them behind before they get rank.

In some places the blues are nothing new;
Instead of getting better you keep on getting blue;
And when you get the disease you don't have any ease
Till you go to the mountains and raise apple trees.

The blues are so bad—all kinds I have had—
And when they left me you bet I was glad,
And if all people knew just what I am knowing,
They would go to the hills, where the blues n'er'll be going.

When blues overtake you, there's just one thing to do—
Just stop planting cotton for one year or two,
And in that time you can make up your mind
To leave both the boll weevil and the blues behind.

There are twenty-five "blues," and I've had 'em all,
But the boll weevil blues is worst of them all;
They work on your mind all summer and fall,
Then next thing you know they've "wound up the ball."

And the man you owe has got your crop and part of your stock, and then you are blue—so blue—that you cannot see true—and the darned boll weevil was the cause of it all.

Tried to Wreck Cars at Shop.

Asheville, N. C., Aug. 10.—An attempt to blow up the shanty cars at the Southern railway depot here, which house railway workers employed since the strike, was made at 11:45 o'clock to-night. The extent of the damage has not yet been ascertained, though there was a terrific explosion.

FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA COTTON

Bamberg Turns Out One Bale and Fairfax Seven Bales on 9th.

Bamberg, Aug. 9.—South Carolina's first bale of 1922 cotton was turned out this morning from the Farmers' Gin Company of this place. The bale weighed 490 pounds and was produced by J. C. Hewitt, a farmer who lives two miles from Bamberg. The bale was forwarded this afternoon to Charleston by express to be sold at auction.

Notwithstanding the presence in the county of the boll weevil, the people here have not forgotten the art of producing the fleecy staple, and one of the methods employed by Mr. Hewitt and other progressive farmers is getting it in early. Early maturing of boll is considered by Mr. Hewitt as a fine weevil beater.

Seven Bales at Fairfax.
Fairfax, S. C., Aug. 9.—Seven bales of new cotton were ginned here today. If the weather is favorable the picking of cotton will become general in this section next week.

THE CHARLESTON NAVY YARD

Will Be Closed—Apparently Not a Ray of Hope to Save It.

Washington, Aug. 10.—Efforts to secure modification or rescinding of the order of Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt, closing the navy yard at Charleston, S. C., on Sept. 1st, were the subject of several conferences to-day, with chances said to be that the order would stand.

As the result of recent conferences between President Harding and Senator Smith, Democrat, of South Carolina, and Mr. Roosevelt on the question, Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, Republican leader, to-day conferred with Mr. Roosevelt to see if it would be possible to keep open the Charleston yard.

The question has not been decided finally, it was said, as Mr. Roosevelt is to confer again with the President and also with Senator Smith. President Harding was said to be disposed to keep open the yard if any possible means can be found, but so far, it was stated, Mr. Roosevelt has found no report by which the closing order can be modified.

Suggestions have been made that the shipping board might find some use for the Charleston yard, but Secretary Roosevelt to-day informed callers that Chairman Lasker, of the board, had addressed him stating that the yard was not needed for government merchant vessels.

MUCH DAMAGE DONE BY HAIL.

Chickens and Birds Killed by Hail Stones in Anderson County.

Anderson, Aug. 10.—Reports are still reaching Anderson of the damage of the hail storm of Thursday night of last week, which extended from Toney creek to Ware Shoals, indicate that the damage was even greater than was thought at first, and that it was the most severe in the history of this section known by any citizen now living.

In the Coley's Bridge section the cotton was stripped of leaves and the corn was riddled. Even the watermelons were pumped full of holes. Birds in large numbers were killed, one man finding 31 sparrows huddled together, all dead. One farmer reported that 150 chickens, some of them grown, were killed by the hail stones, and all chickens roosting on fences or in trees, in the section where the hail was heaviest are said to have been killed.

One farmer said that he would take five dollars for his entire crop; that he did think that he would have a watermelon crop, but that just as they were ready for market they were all ruined.

The storm covered a section about twenty miles long, beginning in the adjoining county of Greenville and continuing to the Saluda river at Ware Shoals. The width of this area is about ten miles.

There has been no relief promised Anderson county farmers yet, except that of W. W. Long, of Clemson College, to furnish forage seed. Few of those farmers who lost so heavily had hail insurance.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value. Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

In the absence of glass, ice has been used to focus the sun's rays in starting a fire.